

ANIMAL COMICS

10¢
NO. 1



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



Ambition

When I grow up
I know what I'll do.
I'll buy myself
A great big zoo!

With a houseful of monkeys,
A camel or two,
A zebra with stripes
And a queer kangaroo.

There'll be lions and tigers
And fat wooly bears,
And hippos and rhinos
And leopards by pairs.

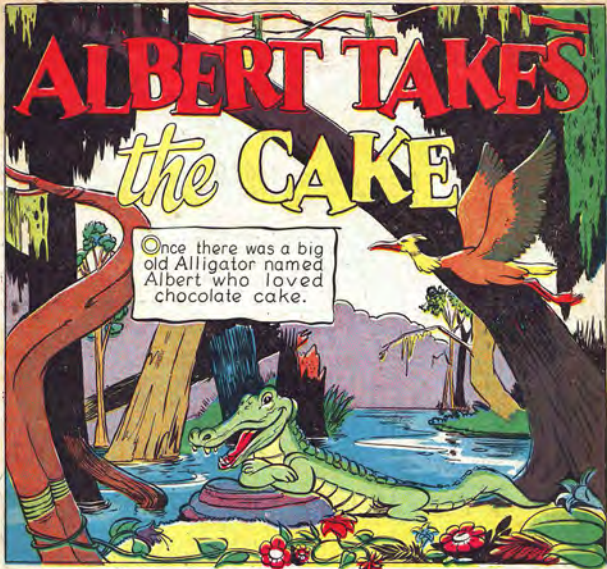
I'll have Angorra rabbits
And African hares,
And proud strutting peacocks
Aputting on airs.

And I'll put up a sign
For the kiddies to see,
Saying "Come and have fun!
Everything's free!"

W. B. C.

ALBERT TAKES the CAKE

Once there was a big old Alligator named Albert who loved chocolate cake.



One bright morning Pogo the possum discovered that it was his birthday.



And when Mrs. Jay heard the news, she told Bumbazine, the little boy who lived on the edge of the swamp.



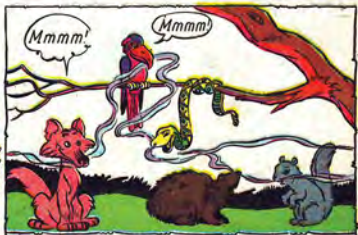
Bumbazine decided to bake a chocolate birthday cake for his friend Pogo. So he took flour and water and salt and pepper and sugar and molasses—



and three chocolate bars and a piece of bacon rind. He mixed them all together and baked the mixture into a cake.



Man alive! This is a powerful heavy cake!



And though it **was** a heavy cake, it had the most beautiful smell that the swamp creatures had smelled in a blue moon.

When it was all done, Bumbazine hurried off to Pogo Possum's house.



And finally Albert smelled the smell!



Congratulations on your birthday, Pogo!

Thank you, Beetle!



Pogo was receiving greetings from his neighbors-

Hi, there, Pogo! I'm coming across on this log!

Oh, hello, Bumbazine! I didn't recognize you in your new hat.



when he heard Bumbazine hailing him.

This isn't a hat! It's a cake and it's for you, because today is your birthday!



Gosh—look out, Bumbazine! That's not a log, either!



Ow! It's Albert!



Not so fast—Bumbazine!



Pogo, give me that cake or I'll eat Bumbazine!





Yum-yum!

Don't eat Bumbazine because that is me!



Now you're caught too, Pogo! Looks like this is going to be quite a meal!



Now, I'll eat Pogo first, then Bumbazine, and for dessert I'll eat this beautiful and delicious chocolate cake with candles!



Oh, don't eat me first—I don't deserve the honor. Besides, I had crabapples, pickles, persimmons, lemons and fourteen cups of vinegar for breakfast—so I would sour up your whole dinner!

Then I'll eat Bumbazine first!

Oh, no, I still have on my winter underwear and I'll just itch up your insides—How would you get in there to scratch?



Waah—but I can't eat the cake first—that's dessert!

But all the best people eat dessert first nowadays, Albert! Don't cry!

Sure—even the Queen of France said "Let 'em eat cake!"



Well, in that case I'll just eat this chocolate cake first!



Man! That cake hit bottom first thing!

I'm gettin out of here!

Gulp!

THUD!

I've been poisoned!

That must have been the heaviest cake you ever baked, Bumbazine!

That's the only cake I ever baked!



I'll catch you both! You can't feed me a cake made out of cement!



But the cake was so heavy that it pulled Albert to the bottom and there he stayed for a week.

That was the finest birthday cake I never enjoyed, Bumbazine!

(I knew you'd make good use of it, Pogo!



So Pogo and Bumbazine celebrated the birthday in peace.

KATONKA FLIES NORTH



As morning light broke over the wilderness marsh, Katonka, the big wild gander, joined his mate. In soft, throaty speech he told her it was time to leave.

Ho-o-onk!

As leader of the flock, he sounded the rally call—a single bugle note.



With strong wings beating and webbed feet churning the water, the leading pair took off.

Once in the air the flock turned shouting the joy that swelled their wild, free hearts.





Northward, true
as a compass,
Katonka led them—
In his brain a picture
of their faraway
nesting grounds.

Far behind lay the warm
bayous where they had spent
the winter—below them spread
the woods and fields of Maryland.

Ka-tonk-a-tonk!
Kee-tonk!
Ka-honk!



Now the
ocean rolled
beneath the flying V,
but the wings of Katonka's
tribe were tireless.



The sun sank—and
far across the water
glowed the lights
of a great city.



Suddenly the city's glow
blacked out—in its place rose
the white beams of searchlights.

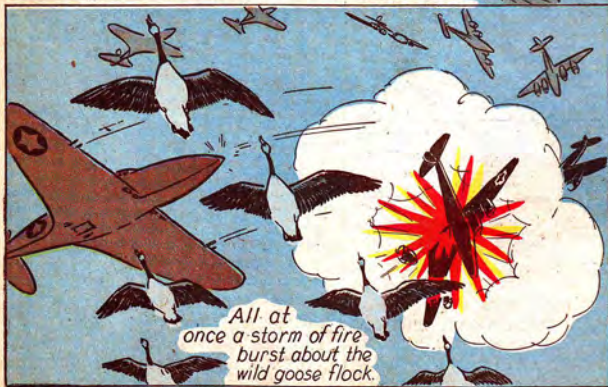
Swiftly from the east came the
roar of bombing
planes.



From
the seaport
rose speedy fighters,
their motors snarling.



Airplanes were nothing
new to Katonka. Unhurried,
he led his flock
through the throbbing air.



All at
once a storm of fire
burst about the
wild goose flock.

Katonka felt a numbing shock in the muscles of his right wing. His strong flight faltered.



Kah-honk!

His hoarse cry of despair was drowned by hammering gunfire.

Far below his scattered flock he sought to regain his balance—but his wing was useless.



What's that, Sarge?



It might be a man, shot down from—no, it's a bird!



What kind of a bird, Sarge—is it dead?

It's a wild goose, Rooney—caught by a stray bullet. I'll take him to the post.





He's coming to, Sarge.

His wing is hurt and that fall knocked the wind out of him.



Hold him tight till I finish this bandage, Rooney.

Okay, but I think you're crazy, doing this—we've gotta get back to those radio phones!



Regaining his senses, Katonka finds himself a prisoner in a strange place.

Hah-h-h-h-h-h!



Look at the way he thanks us! You'll never make a pet of him!

You think so, Rooney? Well, just to prove you're wrong, I'll do it!



Sergeant Bain reporting—enemy planes retreating to the east!

Hs-s-s-s
ss-s!

His wild breast filled with rage, Katonka hisses a challenge at his captors' backs.



A pet gander will make this little island less lonesome—I used to raise geese on my farm... Goodnight, Rooney.

'Night, Sarge—call me at midnight!



Toward midnight Private Rooney's toes wriggle out of the blankets. Katonka watches them fixedly.

On impulse he gives the nearest toe a hard pinch.



Nightmare, my eye! That cussed wild goose nearly amputated my toe!

Can't blame him! You probably twiddled them in his face!

It's time for my watch at the phones, anyway. But tomorrow night that gander sleeps outdoors or I do!



Rooney's right, old boy! You belong outside, and this is the safest way to move you.

I'll tie you up till that wing heals and you can fly north again. Before that we should be friends!





Haw-haw! How's it feel to get nipped Sarge? Such a gentle little pet!

That's just his wild sense of humor-but I'll tame him yet!



Cornflakes and milk make a pretty good breakfast, eh, boy?

Within a few days Katonka learns to trust his soldier friend.



The Sergeant finds he can share a cracker without risk to his nose.

You win, Sarge—that bird's a real pet—but I still wouldn't trust him near my toes.

Tomorrow I'll stake him out in the marsh—he'll be happier near the water



That gander hears a wild flock overhead—otherwise he'd be gobbling these breadcrumbs!

Honk! Ho-o-onk! Keetonk!

His wounded wing nearly healed, Katonka paddles in shallow water.



The high, far shouting of wild geese fills Katonka with fierce homesickness.



Ho-o-onk!
Katonk!

Again and again his call rises from the island but the flying V drives straight ahead.



Hello, Rooney! I'd forgotten this was to be your night on shore.

I'll have an easy trip—the sea is calm tonight.



So long! Be sure no boat follows you back—this island listening post is a secret spies would risk anything to learn!

I'll be careful, Sarge!



As the Sergeant returns to his post, Katonka begins feeding under water.



He feels with his bill for the tender root-buds of the marsh weeds



As he rests, full fed, a stealthy swish of oars catches his ear.

A dory with three men glides silently toward the island's marshy shore.



We're aground—follow me, and make no noise!

But are you sure the listening post is on this island, Tauber?

How can I be sure? That soldier Rooney died without talking. But this is our last chance to find out.

Ya, the air raid will come to-night.

This time there must be no warning when our bombers approach the city.



As the spies wade past Katonka's hiding place, a man's foot jerks the line tied to the gander's leg.



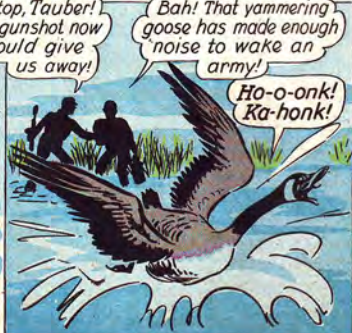
Stop, Tauber! A gunshot now would give us away!

Bah! That yammering goose has made enough noise to wake an army!


Ho-o-onk!
Ka-honk!




Hs-s-s-
s-s-s!




With a hiss of anger, Katonka strikes back!



Something's wrong-
I never heard
Katonka whoop
so loud!



It can't be Rooney-
and a patrol boat
would have signaled-
I'll turn out the lights
and take this
tommy gun.




I hear voices-
talking in
German!



There's no
listening
post here-
no building
in sight!


It's camouflaged,
of course-we'll
have to comb
the island.

Ya, we
must find
and destroy
it-our bombers
will be here
in an hour.



Spies-saboteurs! Thanks
to Katonka they didn't
catch me napping!

Grimly
Sergeant Bain
squeezes his
trigger.



Katonka,
old boy, are
you all right?
Your shouting
saved a lot of
lives tonight!

An hour
later he hurries
to the water's edge.



Our fighters are in the air, old son! They'll strike the enemy at sea, right over this island, thanks to you!



You've earned your freedom and your wing should be strong enough to take it—goodbye, Katonka!



Honk! Ka-honk-
a-tonk!

Clear as a bugle call, Katonka's shout of joy greets the rising moon.



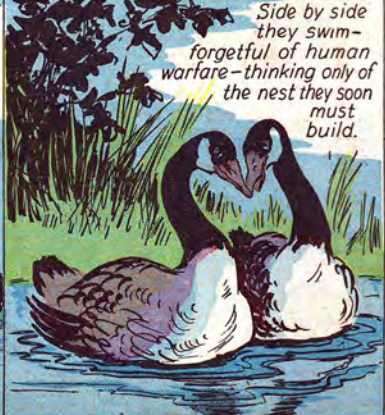
Minutes later and miles away—the noise of battle reaches him—then fades into distance.



Late the next day a lake in the far wilderness of Quebec echoes to Katonka's glad call—and from the surface his mate's voice replies!

Honk!
Ka-tonka!

Kee-honk!
Kee-honk!



Side by side they swim—forgetful of human warfare—thinking only of the nest they soon must build.

PIGGY PRANKS

Hullo, Bobby!
Guess what I have
under my coat?

Ooh! Tell
me, Pa, is
it alive?

One morning
when Bobby
Dunn is eating
breakfast,
his father
hurries in
from the barn.

A pig! A teeny-
weeny pig!
Whered you
get it, Pa?

His mother
just died—so
you'll have to
bring the baby
up, Bobby.

Wee-wee-
week!

And here's
his little
sister—don't
drop her!

Two little new-
born pigs! Oh,
boy!

Eee-ew! Gree-e-ek!

I'll call 'em Paddy and
Pinkie; and I'll take such
good care of 'em that
they'll take prizes at
the County Fair!

Under
Bobby's
care the
piglets
grow like
weeds,
and
never
miss their
mother.

C'mon—empty your
bottle, Pinkie! Paddy's
almost finished
his.

Oink! Oink!

Come, Paddy! Come, Pinkie!
That's it—I'll teach you
to follow me
wherever I go.



Here you are, Son! I need
you to help me plant sweet
corn this morning,
seeing it's Saturday.



Okay, Pa—
gimme the
light-weight hoe!
I'll tell Paddy and
Pinkie to stay
here!

Six weeks later the two pigs
are as much fun as a
pair of puppies.

They must be going to do
something nice if they don't
want us to come!

We'll follow them
anyway, and see.



Chopping a hole for each "hill" of
corn, Bobby counts out five grains



"One for the cutworm,
One for the crow,
One for the blackbird
And two to grow!"

Crunch-crunch! Corn tastes
better when you dig it up
yourself.

Umph! Umph!
It's the nicest
game I ever
played!



Hey! You little
robbers! You've
eaten all the corn
I've planted!





Clear out! Beat it before I
get mad and skin you!
Go on home!

Ee-oink!
Unk-unk-ee!



I guess Bobby must have
gotten tired of that game.

Who cares? Look
at that garden his
mother has just
planted!



There's nothing
like soft dirt
to root in!

Uh-huh! Even when
there isn't any
corn in it!



Oh, you awful little villains!
Oh, my poor flowers!



Take that! And you'll get
worse if I ever catch you
in my flower beds again!

Ow-ee-eek!
Woink!

At last comes the final day of school with Bobby taking a big part.

Have you got your essay?

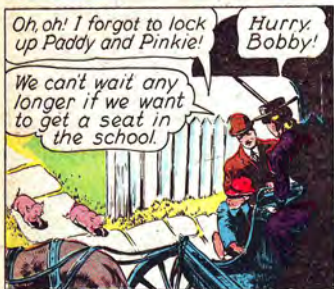
I've got it-in my pocket!



Oh, oh! I forgot to lock up Paddy and Pinkie!

Hurry, Bobby!

We can't wait any longer if we want to get a seat in the school.



Bobby can follow us across-lots on foot-it isn't far that way.



Come, pig, pig, pig! I'll put you in the woodshed.

Oink?
Wunk, wunk!



There! I guess you can't push that door open!

O-oo-oink?



See that hole, Pinkie?
Betya I can make it
big enough to crawl
out of!

I'll help you—it's
no fun staying
here!



How's it coming,
Paddy?

Not so bad—
the ground's
pretty soft!



It won't be long now!



Br-r-rh! That
loose dirt
tickles!

Let's see where
Bobby went!



You pigs! I might have
known it!

Oienk! Eee-unk!



Gwan! Scram!
Home with you! I
don't want you
to follow me—
understand?



We'll wait till he's out of
sight across the brook.

We'd better
wait longer
than that—he
sounded
kinda mad!



He's been gone ten whole minutes now—what're you afraid of?

We-ell, if you're sure he's forgotten all about being mad at us...



Yoinks! Come in, Pinkie—the water's swell!

Eeeenk! It makes me feel all silly 'n' splashy!



I bet he's inside that house...

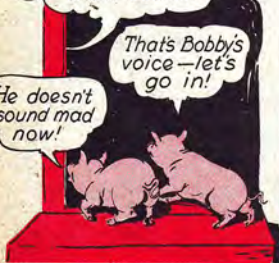
We'll go and see—the doors open!



....and so, by feeding my orphaned pigs on baby food, I raised them both...

That's Bobby's voice—let's go in!

He doesn't sound mad now!



Look! Pigs! Just as Bobby was telling about them—haw-haw!



Paddy! Pinkie!
Go home! Don't
you dare—



All right—I suppose
I've got to—

Ha-
ha-ha!

Haw-haw!

Tee-hee!



—take you out!

Unk-ee!
Unk-ee!

Haw-haw—the pig's
callin' him uncle!

Ee-unk!

Tee-hee-hee!

Ha-ha-ha!



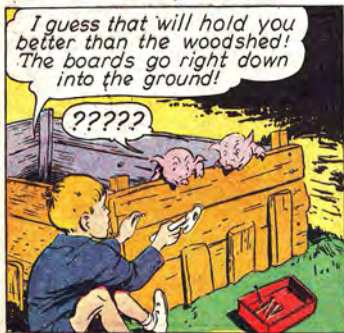
Come on home! I hope you're
satisfied—making me miss
all the refreshments at
school!



Ee-oink!

I guess that will hold you
better than the woodshed!
The boards go right down
into the ground!

?????



And you'll eat your
dinner out of a trough
like any other pigs—
yessir!



As the County Fair time approaches, Bobby gets the idea of training his pets to do tricks.

At-a-boy, Paddy!
You've learned
to jump
through
every
time!



Walk, Pinkie! That's good!
Just wait till the folks see
you do that at
the fair!



So long, Paddy and Pinkie—
see you tonight!

Shucks! You talk
to those pigs
like they were
human, Bobby!



Yunk-yunk!

Ee-yunk!



Paddy—get back! You're
coming too far!



Unk-ee!

Eeeek!

Do I have to go visiting Aunt
Mamie with you, Ma? I'd
rather stay home and train
my pigs—the Fair is next
week!



You're coming with
us, Bobby—and
I dare say
your pigs
will be
glad of
a rest!

Well, they're the next
thing to human, aren't
they, Ma?



Bobby and his parents have barely gone when a junky looking truck stops at the roadside.



Hallo! Anybody home?



Huh! There's a new plow I could sell for good money!



A plow, a new axe and a good saw — and next them two pigs!



Pigs is hard to identify — and easy to sell in the next town!

Ai-ee-eenk!
Ee-ee-yunk!

In vain
Paddy
and
Pinie
kick and
squeal.



With the two frightened pigs muffled in bags and old blankets, the truck drives away.



Many miles away, the thieving junkman stops at a prosperous-looking farm.

Say, Mister, you want to buy some nice pigs, bargain price?

Maybe, if the price is right. Let's see 'em.



The price is six dollars apiece—and they're worth eight—I'll show you.

You can dump 'em out inside a box stall.



See, didn't I tell you? Them pigs would take prizes at the County Fair!

O-oink!



I'll give you four dollars apiece for 'em, and not a cent more—take it or leave it!

No! It's robbery! Them pigs is worth twice the money!



All right, I'll take four dollars—seein' it's cash money—but I'm makin' you a present, Mister!

Hmmm—that junk peddler gave me an idea... Maybe I will show you little rascals at the County Fair next week!





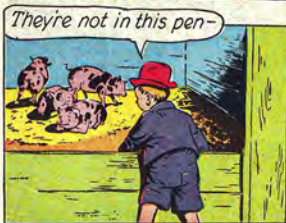
Looks like the Fair's going to be bigger than ever this year, Bobby!

I don't care about the old Fair—I just want to find my pigs!



Well, here's the hawg section. I sure hope you find em, Son!

I could pick Paddy and Pinkie out of a thousand!



They're not in this pen—



There they are, Pa!

Which ones? They all look pretty much alike to me.



Here, Pinkie! Here, Paddy! You know me, don't you?

Unk-ee!
Unk-unk!
Oink-ee!



You're right, Bobby—anybody can see those pigs know you. I'll find the manager of the Fair and we'll prove it to him!

And I'll get my own pigs back!

Yep, I bought those two pigs from a junkman for \$400 apiece, Mr. Dunn. I'll sell them back to you for the same price—if you can prove ownership!

Okay, we'll prove it!

As manager of this fair, I'd call that a fair proposition, haw, haw!

Here's your eight bucks, Mister—I guess you're satisfied whose pigs they are now!

Pigs walking on their hind laigs! It ain't possible!



Up, Paddy! Up, Pinkie! Walk right around me!



But they're doing it! They ought to give a public performance!

Listen, Bobby, will you put on a public show with your two pigs tonight?



Sure—if you want me to—they know a lot more tricks.

Then it's arranged! We'll give you a lighted outdoor platform at eight o'clock tonight.



Look at that—balancing balloons on their noses!

I never knew pigs could be so smart!

Yea-a-ay! Keep it up!



Bobby Dunn, the judges have awarded your two wonderful pets these blue ribbons and a cash prize—for being the best and only animals in their class.

Oh, boy! Paddy and Pinkie will be proud of that!



Bobby sounds awfully happy. Paddy. Do you think those blue ribbons are extra tasty?



Mmm! Just watch—and if he starts to eat 'em, we'll ask for a bite!

That night, before cheering crowds, Bobby puts his pets through their stunts.

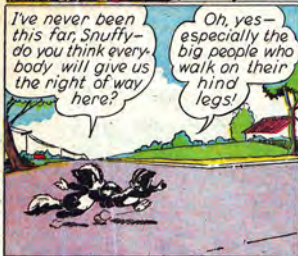
Right of Way



Right of Way



Right of Way



Right of Way



Right of Way

The skunks enter an unused attic over the garage.

Sniff-sniff! I don't think anybody has been in here for a long time!

It smells better than downstairs!



I like this place! It's dry and roomy with lots of cozy, dark corners!

Not bad! Not bad! at all!



Oh, what a wonderful, soft, warm bed! This is where we'll make our nest, Snuffy! Our little ones can come now, any time!



Aren't they beautiful babies, Snuffy?

Y-Yes-but I didn't know they were going to be so tiny and helpless!



A few days later, four baby skunks arrive.

I'll go down to the garbage pail and find you something extra nice, Violet. You stay with the infants.



Let me see - there's cold beans and half a peach, two orange skins and - here it is! A pork chop!



With the pork chop gripped in his teeth Snuffy returns in triumph.



Uffle guff wuff!

THE BEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD

Right of Way

Good old garbage pail—it never fails!

And such excellent variety—something different every day!

For the next month the Skunk family live the life of Riley, undiscovered by the owners of the house.

One morning the little skunks find a bag of marbles—and roll them till the attic echoes.

What on earth is that noise in my attic—it can't be rats...

The rumbling of marbles wakes Judge Martin in the adjoining room.

I'll soon find out....If it's squirrels, I'll put a cat in there and scare 'em away!

Ee-yow! S-Skunks!

Right of Way

G-Go right ahead, my little friends—the house is yours!

Hmmm! I guess he knows the rules!

Wasn't he 'nice to invite us in, Snuffy?



The Judge's housekeeper gets a shock.

Aw-wk! Skunks in the house!



Help! They're coming after me!

Hannah, what is it—ooh-skunks!



Just give 'em right of way and they'll let you alone!

I'm thankful they're going, not coming!



The air is so lovely and fresh, Snuffy! Let's find a nice cool summer house where the children can play out of doors!

How about that den in the old stone wall?



MUZZY and GINGER



Don't be alarmed, little kitten—you remind me of my own baby that was taken from me!



And you seem more kindly than you looked—we'll be good friends!



See here! You, Muzzy—let that kitten go!



Don't you dare harm our little Ginger!



Hey!

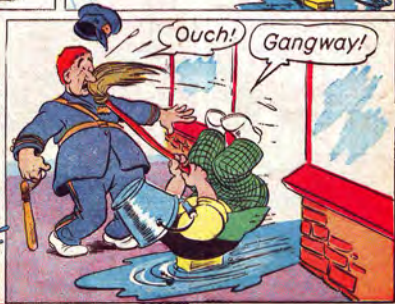


Help!



Ouch!

Gangway!



Gee, Ginger. I was just fooling— but he tripped backwards!



Quick—we'll hide under this!



But does hidin' in here do any good, Muzzy?

Well, an ostrich friend of mine thinks it works every time!



You say you were thrown out of there by a dangerous chimpanzee?

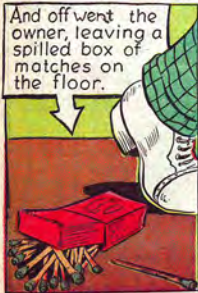
Yes, but put that cannon away—the beast is caged.



Well, goodnight—I guess you two will get along all right.



And off went the owner, leaving a spilled box of matches on the floor.



Look! Funny little sticks!

Be careful, Ginger!





Muzzy says
be careful—
those are
fire sticks!



Muzzy thinks
she knows
everything—
Ow-ouch!



Run! That's
fire! It
burns!
Run!



Run!

Come on,
Ginger—this
place is
dangerous!



And in a short time the fire had spread!

Do you know
a vicious
chimpanzee
is in there?



The cop
says a
wild ape
is in here,
so keep
an eye
out!



Yeow! He's got me!

Why,
that's
just a
little
monkey!

Why—you're not a dangerous gorilla, are you?



The firemen put the fire out quickly but not before it had burned a huge hole in the floor of the pet shop. The owner arrived and saw that Muzzy's cage had burned to a crisp.

See, the remains of the cage fell through to the basement—and Muzzy and Ginger are the only animals that are missing!

Well, they're goners if they were in that cage!



Everyone believed that Muzzy the chimp and Ginger the kitten had perished in the pet shop fire. That is, everyone except Ginger and Muzzy.

Golly, Ginger, I'm glad we escaped from the burning pet shop, but now I'm hungry.



Those people on the bench have a bag of food!

Okay, Homer—you said you could imitate a squirrel and call it to you—go ahead!

When it comes, I'll feed it this popcorn!



Go away, cat—I'm calling squirrels! Go on—beat it—scat!

What a way to call squirrels—hee, hee! That cat made a monkey out of you, Homer!



Yes, sir, Homer—that kitten made a monkey out of of—ah—you—you are you, aren't you, Homer?



Help! Help!
Homer—Homer!
HALP!

Quick—in the park—my sweetie is at the mercy of a ferocious gorilla!



Pssst, now—I'll spring out when it comes by—and here it comes—the ugliest gorilla I have ever seen!



Halt!! You ugly gorilla!

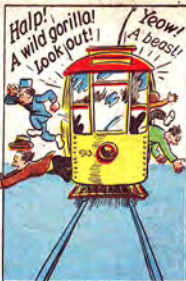


Great scott—that's my sweetie!



They've seen us now, Muzzy—you'll have to step on it!



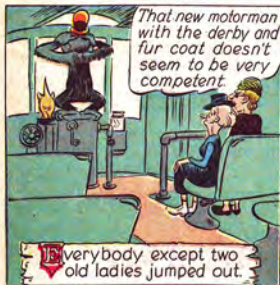


Help!
A wild gorilla!
Look out!

Yeow!
A beast!



The street car ran down hill out of control.



That new motorman with the derby and fur coat doesn't seem to be very competent.

Everybody except two old ladies jumped out.



Can't you go anywhere to get out of traffic these days?



I told you we should have taken an umbrella!



This branch leads up to that open window, Ginger—let's go!



Hey, stop!

Let's get inside quick! Looks like nobody is at home!



Look at all this fruit, Ginger!

I want some milk!



Okay, Ginger, there's milk in this refrigerator.



Meanwhile, outside

The ape went into that second floor apartment!



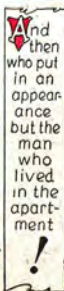
Say, were after that gorilla, too—you say he's inside there?

Yep—we saw him go in!



Well all sneak up on 'em—can't have too much help to catch a gorilla!

He's probably in number four—easy now.





Finally the chimp and the kitten were sold and all the people who had been chasing them grew friendly. Their new owner packed Ginger and Muzzy off to his automobile.



Goodbye. Ginger—goodbye.
Muzzy!



Now we'll take a drive into the country where there's a surprise waiting for you!



There's your new home, Muzzy and Ginger—plenty of room to play!



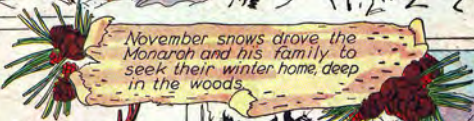
Hello, children—here are Ginger the kitten and Muzzy the chimpanzee—they'll be good friends if you treat them kindly and I know you will!

Oh boy! It's Doctor Atkins with some new pets for us!


So Muzzy and Ginger found a happy home with the children and many a good time they all had together.




The MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



November snows drove the Monarch and his family to seek their winter home, deep in the woods.



Wiser and stronger than any in the Sawtooth Range, the buck deer feared no enemy that he could reach with his twelve-tined antlers.



Between the sheltering rock walls of Panther Gorge he made his winter "yard"—where young birch, maple, and spruce twigs furnished tender twigs for food.

THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



With the coming of the new year, the Monarch lost his mighty antlers—one dropping off first.



But although he had lost his crown, he felt no shame—The next summer he would grow a new one, after the fashion of all bucks.



In February the snow rose high above the deer-ward's well-trodden paths. It was harder and harder for the does and fawns to get food.



The Monarch came to their rescue, breasting down the high snow walls—breaking new paths to the farther food-trees.



But more snow fell—and still more—covering the young twigs. Finding less to eat, the deer grew very thin.

THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



Even the Monarch's great muscles were weakened by hunger and the bitter struggle to reach food. It was a cruel winter.



In March a tawny panther came down from the starving North. He was the first panther to visit Sawtooth in twenty years.



Sniffing the warm scent of the Monarch's herd, he bounded forward over the snows hard crust.



A wandering breeze carried the big cat's musky smell ahead of him. The buck caught it, and barked a warning.



Straight toward the enemy he leaped—to draw pursuit away from the helpless does and fawns.

THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



Like a huge, yellow cannon ball, the panther sped after him.



Around the turn of a path the Monarch played his trick—leaping sideways into another path.



The panther raced on down the empty white corridor.



It was not the Monarch he found around the next bend, but a doe and her hunger-weakened fawn—two easy victims!

THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



In blind terror, the fawn flung himself into the deep snow at the intersection.



As her baby floundered helplessly, the doe turned at bay.



Fiercely she faced certain death—a lion's courage in her mother-heart.... The panther crouched to spring at her.



While the cat hesitated, his chance was gone. The Monarch dropped beside the doe—seemingly from the sky.

THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



In such a narrow path the tawny killer dared not face those chopping hoofs—dagger sharp, with three hundred pounds of fury behind each blow.



Instead, he planned to leap from the high snow wall upon the Monarch's defenseless head.



It was then that Game Warden Burke saw the panther from the gorge's rim.



Flame spurted from the rifle's muzzle—a swift snap-shot.



With a hoarse scream the big cat turned to bite at his bullet-burned haunch.

THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



The next instant he was a vanishing blur among the spruces.

Missed him, Tom—I aimed too quick!

You probably saved a deer's neck though—that cat was fixin' for a jump!



Look at that buck, Tom! He won't leave his foundered fawn even now!

He's starved to a skeleton, but I bet he'd fight us both, right now, Dan.



Glad we didn't wait any longer to bring food to this herd... The fawns wouldn't have lived another week.



Pressed meat cakes—just like roast beef and ice cream to hungry deer!



THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE

If these cakes dont draw the old buck away from the fawn, you'll have to toss your pack basket at him, Tom.



I hate to lose it, but I guess I'll have to!

Here, you fire-eater—take your "mad" out on my basket while Dan Burke digs your fawn free!

Kah-kah!



The springy basket jumps and rolls like a living thing under the buck's attack. For a moment the fawn is forgotten.

There you-ugh-are, deer-mama! Take your baby and tell him not to play in the deep snow any more!



Hey! You old rip-snorter, don't you know your friends yet?

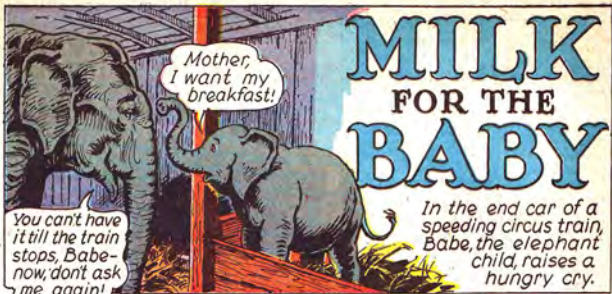


He's still standin' on your pack, Dan—proud as a king!

He can keep it, Tom! I wouldn't risk his royal temper trying to rescue that basket. No sirree!



Before Burke can retreat the buck drives at him.



Mother,
I want my
breakfast!

You can't have
it till the train
stops, Babe-
now, don't ask
me again!

MILK FOR THE BABY

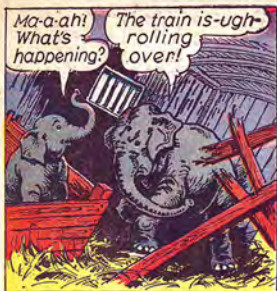
In the end car of a
speeding circus train,
Babe, the elephant
child, raises a
hungry cry.



Around a sharp
bend a storm-
felled tree lies
across the track.



Jumping the
rails, the
engine plows
straight
ahead



Ma-a-ah!
What's
happening?

The train is-ugh-
rolling
over!



Grow-r!

Baw-w!

Yeeep!

Yaah!

Roar!

All the circus
animals in the
train give voice
to their fright.



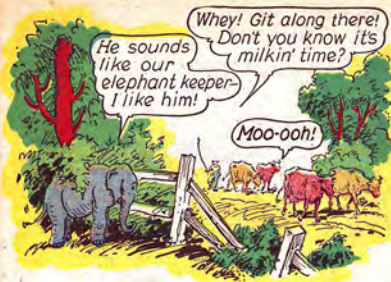
Oh-h! I'm getting
out of here before
something worse
happens!



I'm getting just as
far away as I can!



I-I guess I've come
too far—maybe I ought
not to have left my
mother—but I was
awful scared!



He sounds like our elephant keeper—I like him!

Whey! Git along there! Don't you know it's milkin' time?

Moo-oooh!



He might give me some breakfast if I asked for it real nice!



Wha-a-a-a?

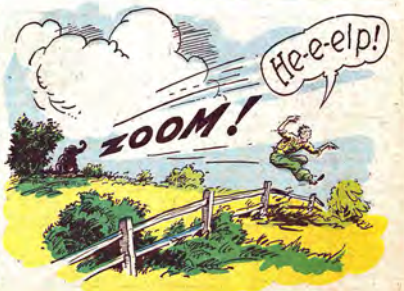
Oogle-oogle!



It's a s-ssnake-or-uh-or is it?



A-a-ah! A Goblin!



He-e-elp!

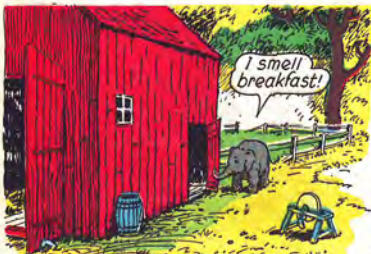
ZOOM!

Puzzling over the hired boy's actions, Babe follows the cows to the barn.

I wonder why he yelled like that? What was he afraid of?



Ernie-ee! Open the back door for air—it's hot as an oven in this barn!



I smell breakfast!

Cautiously Babe opens the door at the other end of the cow barn.

Oh-oh! There it is!

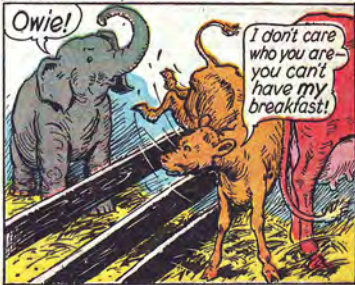


Please, ma'am—can't I have some milk, too? I'm just awful hungry!

What under the sun—who are you?

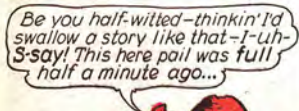


Owie!



I don't care who you are—you can't have my breakfast!





Yee-ow! Run fer yer life!

THUD

O-oops!
I t-told
yuh s-so!

If only we can g-git
to the house before
he k-ketches us!

Run! Don't talk!

We made
it!

Cyrus Solon Walker!
What ails you? Yer
white ez a
sheet and
covered with
milk!

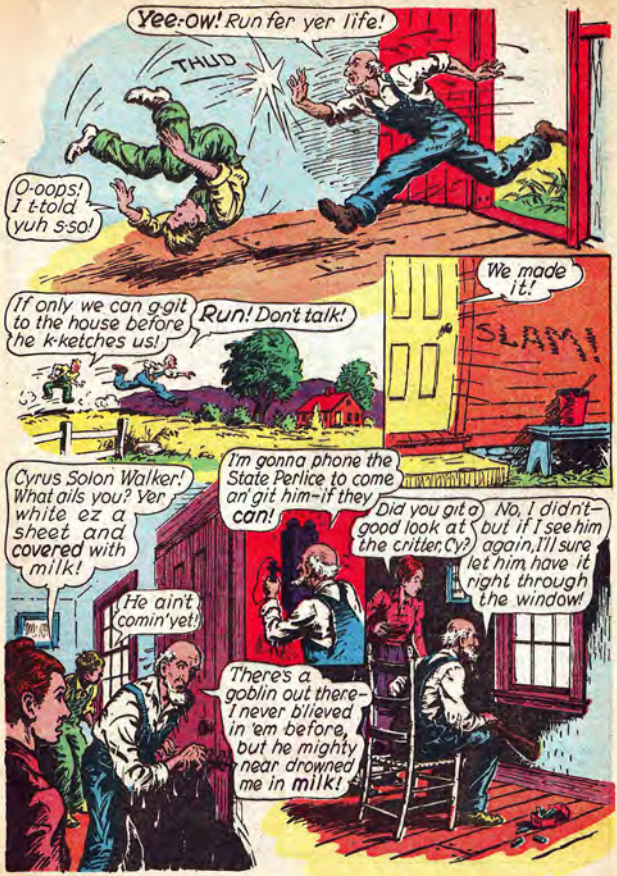
I'm gonna phone the
State Perlice to come
an' git him-if they
can!

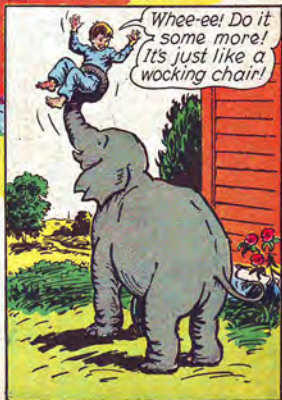
Did you git a
good look at
the critter, Cy?

No, I didn't-
but if I see him
again, I'll sure
let him have it
right through
the window!

He ain't
comin' yet!

There's a
goblin out there-
I never b'lieved
in 'em before,
but he mighty
near drowned
me in milk!





Giddap, Effalunt! We'll go for a wide around the farm!



A few minutes later the police arrive with the elephant keeper from the train.

Here we are—Cy Walker's place. You can start looking for your lost baby elephant, Mister.



I'm sure glad you're here, officers! That long-nosed goblin critter's been raisin' hob around here!

Did it look like an elephant?

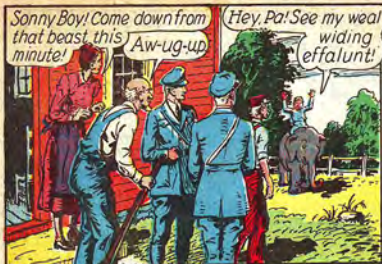


That's the "awful goblin" that scared you, Mr. Walker!

It wasn't as big as an elephant— all I seen was an awful long nose and big ears an'—

There he comes, now!





Sonny Boy! Come down from that beast this minute!

Aw-ug-up

Hey, Pa! See my weal widing effalunt!

Come on, Sonny, you're scaring your Ma out of her senses
But I want to wide some more!



Your Pa didn't think so
He's a vevy nice effalunt Ma!

Aw-er-I guess I didn't take time ter see what he was!

Babe's as tame as a kitten...

..but he ought to have some breakfast-could you sell me a pail of milk for him, Mr. Walker?

Milk? Why, you pesky smart aleck-think I wanna git plastered again?



Bah!



He's crazy as a cockroach!

Now, what do you know about that?

SLAM!



I don't like that man-he made me waste half my breakfast!

HELP KEEP AMERICA STRONG

A.B.C

3R's

$2 \times 2 = 4$

cat
dog

$\frac{6}{11}$



A Matter of Intelligence.

I have a group of little friends,
Who mean a lot to me.
And I think they are very bright,
As smart as they can be.

To hear folks say that they are dumb
Just makes me want to fight.
"Dumb Animals" they call them
And I don't think it's right!

There's nothing dumb about my dog,
He's clever, through and through.
My pony has a lot of sense.
So has my kitty, too!

Of course they do not **talk** a lot,
They hardly **say** a word,
But when folks claim that they are dumb
It really is absurd!

They do not **have** to say a thing
To make **them** understood.
Of all the **people** that I know,
There's none of them **that** good!

-e. B. e.





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